COR. Your daughter, whom she bore In hand to love [2]
With such Integrity, she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose Iife[5] But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta'en off by poison.

CYM. O most delicate fiend! Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

COR. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral: which, being took, Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering, By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd, By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time[3], (When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work Her son into the adoption of the crown. But failing of her end by his strange absence, Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd/ in despite Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so, Despairing, died.

CYM. Heard you all this, her women ?

LADY. We did so, please your highness.

CYM. Mine eyes [4]
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful; Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart, That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,

[a] — bore in hand TO LOVE —] i. e. insidiously taught to depend on her love. See vol. ix. p. 38, n. 9. STEEVENS.

3 — YES, and in time,] Thus the second folio. The first, in-*
juriously to the metre, omits—yes. STEEVENS.

[4] Mine eyes —] Sir Thomas Hanmer, very adroitly, in my
opinion, supplies the syllable here wanting to the metre, by read
ing:
*' *Yet,* mine eyes," &c. STEEVENS.